

**Superluminal Pachyderm
presents**

Happy Bags of Trash

**Lyrics
by
Ken Robinson**

**Xaagma Press
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Tracks:

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2. The Dododox (8:34)
3. Metadata Socks (16:42)
 - a. A Chocolate Moose for Dinner
 - b. Harvesting the Universe
 - c. The Valley of the Acronyms
 - d. The Web of Socks
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 - a. The Eggs of Manhattan
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 - c. Central Pennsylvania
 - d. Dump Truck Jr.
 - e. Side Trip 2: The Carson Street Roll of Toilet Paper
 - f. Bellefonte and Points Beyond

All music and lyrics by Ken Robinson.

Dog yawn / howl thing on Track 4, part C by Riker Houser.

Produced by Ken Robinson.

Recorded June-December 2017.

Editions:

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Redundant Stomach

instrumental

The Dododox

i'm in a room
it's covered with white tiles
my vision's blurred
i cannot see
the walls are too bright for my eyes

i hear the bouncing
of ping pong balls
all around me
the sound is deafening
i cannot hear my thoughts

they're bouncing into a waterfall
that ends in a vortex
the vortex empties into a pipe
too many enter
and they become an obstruction

the dododox is now in place
i'm afraid my time has come
the pressure builds
i can feel high density waves
experience the dododox

it smells like mold
and it smells like shit
i still can't see
but the sound is all around me
the pipe begins to strain

i have no paddle
to defend myself
from millions of ping pong balls
the waves from the blockage
pound on my chest

the dododox gets stronger and stronger
my senses no longer comprehend
the vortex collapses
the water comes rushing over me

experience the dododox

i'm afraid of drowning
the water is rising so fast
my instinct kicks in
and i start to run away
i've become a lab experiment for brownian motion

i reached a doorway that opens out
it's a hallway that goes on forever
i let the water carry me down it
until finally i can free myself
surrounded by unlabeled doors

i try to find my way out
by opening one of the doors
it's another room that i cannot see
but i hear the familiar haunting sound
of ping pong balls and waterfalls

the dododoxes are everywhere
there is no escape from this place
is it twilight zone or doctor who?
how the hell will i ever know?
experience the dododox

Metadata Socks

a. a chocolate moose for dinner

i sat on computer tape
waiting for distribution
pieced together by professionals
coded into fields and subfields

the machines know me as 76-4811
the humans see me as a play on homonyms
herman munster and his tree of shoes
where we live in pens and tortoises have hair

i exist to help you find what i represent
you can find the arms race at PZ7.G99 Ch3
i've been around since 1976
duplicated and stored in thousands of databases

as the years have gone by
i've been expanded with more fields
i've got subjects from every language on the planet
and summaries that go on and on and on and on
i've become so fat that i break z39.50

b. harvesting the universe

free stuff everywhere, there's free stuff everywhere
point your harvester at me, and download everything we have
free stuff everywhere, there's free stuff everywhere
we've got crap in dublin core, and the latest flavor of the day

we've jammed 150 authors into one field
and every word of our ebook has been put into one subject field
our specialities are crashing your ILS
and cracking your crosswalk with Unicode 61521

free stuff everywhere, there's free stuff everywhere
we don't know when we made it, so it was all published in 2017
free stuff everywhere, there's free stuff everywhere
random punctuation is our way of honoring e.e. cummings

our schemas are made up out of thin air
go ahead and send us an e-mail, we'll never read it
our control numbers and URLs are in a state of flux
you get these neat free records, but you'll never find the resource
and we don't even know where it is either

free stuff everywhere, there's free stuff everywhere
free stuff everywhere, there's free stuff everywhere
free stuff everywhere, there's free stuff everywhere

stuff for free, stuff for free
get your free stuff here
we have it everywhere
free stuff here, free stuff, free stuff
free stuff for you
free stuff everywhere
come and get your free stuff
come and get your free stuff
come and get your free stuff

c. the valley of the acronyms

rda, aacr2, isbd, pcc, ddc, ead, frbr
scm, shm, lcri, estc, nuc, naf, lclsh

ecip, ifla, gsafd, legft, frad, dcrb, cpso
lccn, isbn, issn, mesh, naco, sacco, cip
oai-pmh, xml, xslt, foaf, rdf, rdfs, dtd, owl

d. the web of socks

put on your metadata socks and hop on board the linked data bus
oh, let's get semantic and turn ourselves into ontologies
i'm a hierarchy of taxonomies sliding down a serialization
turn me into a billion billion billion triples
that's more than sam crawford ever had

load me up with uris and dump me in the web
turn me into subjects and predicates and objects
i'm a metadata sock hanging on the clothesline of knowledge
it's a triplestore filled to the brim with triples
even chief wilson has to admire that

and we're linking, and we're linking, linking all over the place
i know you're out of orange juice
and your milk's two weeks past expiration
i still can't do anything with 150 authors jammed in my creator field
but we're all happy campers anyway

and we're linking, and we're linking, linking all over the place
i'm receiving triples from your toilet and your car
your air's low in the right front tire
and you only have three days of toilet paper left
should i order you some more?

and we're linking, and we're linking, linking all over the place
and now i know what homonyms are
i can tell what he meant by arms races and trees of shoes
now you can wear my metadata socks and be my favorite machine
hey sam crawford, let me introduce you to herman munster

Doctor Doofus and Dump Truck Jr.

a. the eggs of manhattan

waking up on a bus in northern new jersey
towering skyscrapers stretched across the horizon
unfold the maps, find the points of interest
around the curve and into the tunnel
looking for stuff in manhattan

eating soft pretzels and potato knishes
off to wander around endlessly
walk across the tom hanks keyboard
go into saks fifth avenue to pee
looking for stuff in manhattan

up in an elevator, the doors open
the room is dark, pictures all over the walls
people float by me with cards in their hands
coins are falling out of their ears
it feels like an otherworldly disco

doctor doofus floats right by me
followed by dozens of eggs
they are chasing him around the room
the eggs of manhattan

doctor doofus offers us books and boxes
we can't break through the shrink wrap
he can get us anything from anywhere
just point to the book of everything
and he'll transport it to our mailboxes

there are more words than my brain can handle
it is english, but it isn't english
time stops in this place, it feels like hours
doctor doofus detaches his arm
and it floats all around him

doctor doofus floats right by me
followed by dozens of eggs
they are chasing him around the room
the eggs of manhattan

i find myself back on the street
i can't remember where i was

b. side trip 1: all the masks of the universe

he's got einstein hair and can't remember a name
the ceiling is filled with all the masks of the universe
he stands behind the display case full of tricks
ready to offer you something you never knew you wanted

we can look at the books to the side
read all about his secrets and then forget them before you leave
he can speak as many words as the good doctor

the ceiling is filled with all the masks of the universe

c. central pennsylvania

it could have been a stray thought
it could have been a poojer
it could have been environmental stress
it could have been an opportunity
it could have been the lining up of his quantum brain
doctor doofus comes to central pennsylvania
in the blink of an eye

i'm here at last
the eggs no longer follow me
i am the representative from my world
i will get you anything from anywhere
and offer you things you never knew you wanted

d. dump truck jr.

the smell of cheesesteaks are in the air
the good doctor's new lair is almost empty
white walls all around
a display case with a few knickknacks
but this is all an illusion
the space is taken up by the biggest grin in the universe

oh, dump truck jr.
you have more teeth than giada
your nose moves all over your face
oh, dump truck jr.
how did you become doctor doofus' sidekick?
your gibberish escapes a million teeth
oh, dump truck jr.

doctor doofus can get you anything from anywhere
he's hooked up with the magical warehouse of everything
and dump truck jr.'s smile gets bigger and bigger
even though there is nothing in the room
the doctor still shows you stuff you never knew you wanted
orders get recorded, more teeth appear out of nowhere

oh, dump truck jr.
you have more teeth than giada
your nose moves all over your face
oh, dump truck jr.
how did you become doctor doofus' sidekick?

your gibberish escapes a million teeth
oh, dump truck jr.

surrounding the algorithm the pants can see everything
my wires burn and my biochemistry is the opus beans
pigeons make prophecies of the narrative tree rings
hold up, hold on ... surplus senses the potato
my liver has illustrations of all of the eggs
and the room is filled with teeth
it's filled with teeth
it's filled with teeth
and a smile that gets bigger
and bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger

e. side trip 2: the carson street roll of toilet paper

his bloated figure stands there in the middle of the room
a roll of toilet paper hovers in front of his stomach
when he moves, it moves with him, around the room
off to the side are offers of things you never knew you wanted

he's an imitation of a walking bathroom stall
a roll of toilet paper hovers in front of his stomach
but it would seem that you'd have to bring your own toilet
off to the side are offers of things you never knew you wanted

f. bellefonte and points beyond

doctor doofus can get anything from anywhere
but nothing ever appears
but he still gets anything from anywhere
and it never shows up
we're waiting for stuff from everywhere
and nothing ever shows up
the grins get wider and wider
and nothing ever seems to appear

we're waiting for stuff from everywhere
we grow more teeth and our noses go all over our faces
we're waiting for stuff from everywhere
we grow more teeth and our noses go all over our faces
we're waiting for stuff from everywhere
we're waiting for stuff from everywhere

the smell of cheesesteaks disappears
and the doctor migrates to bellefonte
where he studies martial arts across the street

and inspects christmas crap
and looks at junk in an old worn down theater
smiles so wide that they bust down the door
and nothing ever seems to appear
and nothing ever shows up

we're waiting for stuff from everywhere
we grow more teeth and our noses go all over our faces
we're waiting for stuff from everywhere
we grow more teeth and our noses go all over our faces
we're waiting for stuff from everywhere
we're waiting for stuff from everywhere

we're now in the fields beyond millheim
offering things you never knew you wanted
and we have rolls of toilet paper hovering in front of our stomachs
and we have ceilings filled with all the masks of the universe
and our arms detach and float around us
we're waiting for stuff from everywhere
and we have a million teeth in our mouths
out in the fields beyond millheim

and in the sky comes a craft
that has a ring of toilet paper encircling it
the thaumaturges call to us with a million words and a million teeth
doctor doofus and dump truck jr. smile brightly
we are pulled into the craft
and we all have rolls of toilet paper in front of our stomachs
and we all have a million million million million teeth
and we'll have anything from anywhere
and everything from everywhere
and our smiles get bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger
as we ascend into a big bag of ylem